

The playe called the foure PP.

A newe and a very mery enterlude of
A palmer.
A pardoner.
A potycary.
A pedler.

Made by John Heywood



20 Palmer:



Owe god be here who kepeth this place
 Now by my fayth I crie you merce
 Of reason I must seke for grace
 My rewldnes sheweth me no so homely
 Wherof your pardon art and wonne
 I seke you as curtesly doth me bynde
 To tell thys whiche shalbe begonne
 In order as may come beste in mynde
 I am a palmer as ye se
 Whiche of my lyfe much part hath spent
 In many a sayre and farre countre
 As pylgrymes do of good intent
 At Hierusalem haue I bene
 Before Chyestes blessed sepulture
 The mount of Caluery haue I seene
 A holy place ye may be sure
 To Iosephat and Olpuete
 On fote god wote I wente ryght bare
 Many a salt tere dyde I swete
 Before thys carkes coulde come there
 Yet haue I bene at Rome also
 And gone the stacions all arow
 Saynt peters Wyne and many mo
 Then yf I tolde all ye do know
 Except that there be any fuche
 That hath ben there and diligently
 Hath taken hede and marked muche
 Then can they speke as muche as I
 Then at the Bodes also I was
 And rounde about to amvas
 At saynt Toncomber and saynt Tronon
 At saynt Bothulph and saynt Anne of Buckston
 On the hylls of Armony where I see Noes arke
 With holy Job and saynt George in Southwarke
 At Waltham and at Walsyngam



And at the good rood of Dagnam
At saynt Cornelys at saynt James in Gales
And at saynt Wyncestres well in Walles
At our lady of Boston at saynt Edmundes byp
And streghth to saynt Patrykes purgatory
At rydphone and at the blood of Haples
where pylgrymes paynes ryght muche auayles
At saynt Dauys and at saynt Denis
At saynt Mathew and saynt Marke in Wenis
At mayster Johan Mozne at Canterbury
The graet god of Katewade at kynge Hentp
At saynt sauyours at our lady of Southwell
At Crome at Wylsdome and at Huswell
At saynt Rycharde and at saynt Roke
And at our lady that standeth in the oke
To these with other many one
Deuouly haue I prayed and gone
Prayeng to them to pray for me
Unto the blessed trynity
By whose prayets and my dayly payne
I truste the soner to obtayne
For my saluacyon grace and mercy
For be ye sure I thynke surely
Who seeketh sayntes for Cristes sake
And namely suche as payne do take
On fore to punyshe the frayle body
Shall therby meryte moze helyp
Then by any thyng done by man
¶ Pardoner.

¶ And when ye haue gone as farre as ye can
For all your labour and gostely entente
Yet welcome home as wyse as ye wente
¶ Palmer.

¶ Why sayd dyspyle ye pylgrymage
¶ Pardoner.

¶ Nay for god sayd then oyd I rage

I thynke ye ryght well occupped
To seke these sayntes on euery lyde
Also your payne I nat dyspayse it
But yet I discomende your wit
And oz we go euent so shall ye
If ye in this wyl answere me
I pray you shew what the cause is
Ye wente al these pylgrymages

Palmer.

Forsoth this lyfe I oped begyn
To rydde the bondage of my syn
For whiche these sayntes reherled oz this
I haue both sought and sene I wps
Besechynge them to be recorde
Of all my payne vnto the lozde
That gnueth all remysyon
Upon eche mans consercyon
And by theyr good medtacyon
Upon myne humble submyssion
I trust to haue in bety dede
For my soule helth the better spede.

Pardonar.

Nowe is your owne confessyon lyckely
To make your selfe a sole quykely
For I perceyue ye wolde obtayne
No nother thyng for all your payne
But onely grace your soule to saue
Nowe marke in this what wyl ye haue
To seke so farre and helpe so nye
Euen here at home is remedy.
For at your doze my selfe doth dwell
Who coulde haue saued your soule as well
As all your wyde wandrynge shall do
Though ye wente thys to Jericho
Nowe lynes ye myght haue spedde at home
What haue ye wone by connyng at Rome.

20 Palmer.

If this be true that ye haue moued
Then is my wpt in dede reproued
But let vs here fyyste what ye are

20 Pardoner.

Truly I am a pardoner.

Palmer.

Truely a pardoner that may be true
But a true pardoner doth nat ensew
Ryght selde is it sene o: neuer.
That treuth and pardoners dwell together
For be your pardons neuer so great
Yet them to enlarge ye wyll nat let
With suche lyes that oftymes Cryste wot
Ye seme to haue that ye haue nat
Wherfoze I went my selfe to the selfe thyng
In every place and without faynyng
Had as muche pardon there assuredly
As ye can promyse me here doutefully
Howe be it I thynke ye do but scofte
But yf ye hadde all ye pardon ye kepe of
And no whyt of pa: ion graunted
In any place where I haue haunted
Yet of my labour I nothyng repent.
God hath respect howe eche tyme is spent
And as in his knowlege all is regarded
So by his goodnes all is rewarded

20 Pardoner.

By the fyyste parte of this laste tale
It semeth you come late from the ale
For reason on your syde so farre doth fayle
That ye leue sonyng and begyn to rayle
Wherin ye forget your owne parte clerely
For ye be as vntrue as I
And in one popnte ye are beyonde me
For ye may lye by aucthoryte

And all that hath wauoyed to latta
That no man can be thep? controller
And where ye esteeme your labour so muche
I say yet agayne my pardons be suche
That yf there were a thousande soules on a hepe
I wolde bypunge them all to heuen as good chepe
As ye haue brought your selfe on pylgrymage
In the laste quarter of your byage
Whiche is farre a thys syde heuen by god
There your labour and pardon is od
With smale cost and without any payne
These pardons bypugeth them to heuen playne
Geue me but a peny or two pens
And as sone as the soule departeth hens
In halfe an houre or thre quarters at mooste
The soule is in heuen with the holy ghost

20 Potycary.

C Sende ye any soules to heuen by water

20 Pardoner.

* If we dyd sy? what is the mater

20 Potycary.

C By god I haue a dyre soule shulde thyrther
I praye you let our soules go to heuen togyther
So bysyp you twayne be in soules helth
May nat a potycary come in by steth
Yes that I wyll by saynt Antony
And by the leue of thys company
Prooue ye false knaues bothe or we goo
In parte of your sayenges as thys lo
Thou by thy trauayle thynekst heuen to gete
And thou by pardons and relyques countest no lete
To sende thyn owne soule to heuen sure
And all other whome thou lyst to procure
If I toke an accyon then were they blanke
For lyke theues the knaues rob away my thanks
All soules in heuen haupnge relese

Shall they thanke you cralles nay thanke myn chere
No soule ye knowe entreth heuen gate
Tyll from the bodye he be separate
And whome haue ye knowen bye hostlye
Without helpe of the potycary
Nay all that cometh to our handlyng
Except ye happe to come to hangyng
That way perchauce ye shall nat myster
To go to heuen without a glyster
But be ye sure I wolde be wo
If ye shulde chaunge to begyle me so
As good to lye with me a nyght
As hange abode in the mone lyght
There is no choyse to sle my hande
But as I sayd into the bande
Syns of our soules the multitude
I sende to heuen when all is bewed
Who shulde but I then all togyther
Haue thanke of all theyr commynge thither
Pardoner.

¶ If ye kylde a thousande in an houre space
When come they to heuen byenge from state of grace
2^d Potycary.

2^d If a thousande pardons about your neckes were tye
When come they to heuen yf they neuer dyed
¶ Palmer.

¶ Longe lyfe after good workes in dede
Doth hynder mannes recept of mede
And deth before one dewty done
May make vs thynke we dye to sone
Yet better tary a thyng then haue it
Then go to sone and bapnly craue it
2^d Pardoner.

¶ The longer ye dwell in communicacion
The lesse shall you lyke this pmagnacion
For ye may perceyue even at the fyrst cho

Your tale is trap in such a stop
That at the leste ye seme worse then we

¶ Potycary.

¶ By the masse I holde vs nought all thre
2nd Pedler.

¶ By our lady then haue I gone wzonge
And yet to be here I thought longe
2nd Potycary.

¶ Brother ye haue gone wzonge no wye
I praye your fortune and your wye
That can directe you so discretely
To plante you in this company
Thou palmer and thou a pardoner
I a potycary.

¶ Pedler.

2nd And I a pedler

2nd Potycary.

¶ Nowe on my fayth full well watched
Were the deuyll were we foure hatched

¶ Pedler.

¶ That maketh no mater syns we be matched
I coulde be merp yf that I catchyd
Some money for parte of the ware in my packe
2nd Potycary.

¶ What the deuyll hast thou there at thy backe
¶ Pedler.

¶ Why dost thou nat knowe that euery pedler
In euery tryfull must be a medler
Specyally in womens tryflynges
Those vse we chefe aboue all thynges
Whiche thynges to se yf ye be disposed
Beholde what ware here is disclosed
Thys gere sheweth it selfe in suche bewte
That eche man thynketh it sayth come bye me
Loke were your selfe can lyke to be chooser
Your selfe shall make pyce though I be looser

Is here nothyng for my lathes salutes
Hauye not a wanton in a coynes
For your walkyng to holy places
By cryste I haue herde of as straunge cases
Who lyue in loue of loue wold wyne
Euen at this packe he must begynne
Where is ryght many a proper token
Of whiche by name parte shall be spoken
Gloues, pynnes, combes, glasses vnspotted
Domaunders, hooks, and lasses knotted
Broches, spynge, and all maner bedes
Lace rounde and flat for womens bedes
Reddys, threde thymbell, lers, and all suche knackes
Where louers be no suche thynges lackes
Syppers swathbondes rbandes and cleue laces
Gyrdels, knyues, purses, and pyncales.

¶ Doctour.

C Do women use theyr pyncales of you.

¶ Doctor.

C Ye that they do I make god a wote

¶ Doctour.

C So mot I thynke then for my parte
I be shewe thy knaues naked herte
For makynge my wyfe ys pyncale so wyde
The pynnes fall out they can nat abyde
Great pynnes must she haue one or other
Yf she lese one she wyl fynde an other
Wherin I fynde cause to charyte
New pynnes to my pleasure and my payne

¶ Doctor.

C Sye ye seme well (and so) womens causes
I praye you tell me what caused this
That women after theyr wyll
Be so longe in theyr appailling
¶ Doctor.

C Forsooth women haue many laces

And they be marked in many nettes
As frontettes, spillettes, parlettes, and barcelettes
And then they; bonettes and they; poynettes
By these lettes and nettes the lette is suche
That spede is small whan haste is muche.

20 **Portcary.**

TIn other cause why they come nat forwarde
Whiche maketh them dayly to drawe backwards
And yet is a thyng they can nat forbere
The tynnyng and pyntyng by they; gets
Specially they; syding with the taylor pyu
And when they wolde haue it pycke in
If it chaunce to double in the clothe
Then be they wode and swereth an othe
Tyll it stande ryght they wyl nat forsake it
Thus though it may nat yet wolde they make it
But be ye sure they do but defarre it
For when they wolde make it ofte tymes marre it
But pycke them and pyne them as nyche, as ye wyl
And yet wyl they loke for pyntyng styll
So that I durste holde you a fornt
Ye shall neuer haue them at a fall poynt

G Bedler.

✦ Let womens matters passe and marke myne
What euer they; poyntes be, these poyntes be fyne
Wherfoze yf ye be wyllynge to bye
Lay downe money, come of quykely.

20 **Palmer.**

TRay by my trowth we be lyke scyters
We are but beggers we be no heters

G Pardouer.

TSy; ye maye shewe your wate for your mynde
But I thynke ye shall no profyte fynde

20 **Bedler.**

TWell though thys your ney acquyte no coste
Yet thynke I nat my labour losse

For by the sayth of my body

I like full well this company

Which shall this packe for it is playne

I came not hyther al for gayne

Who may nat play one day in a weke

May thynke hys thynge is farr to seke

Deuyse what pastyme ye thynke beste

And make ye sure to fynde me prest

2d Potycary.

Why be ye so vniuersall

That you can do what so euer ye shall.

Wedler.

Sy: yf ye lyst to appose me

What I can do then shall ye se.

2d Potycary.

Than tell me this be ye perseyt in drynkyng

Wedler.

Perseyt in drynkyng as may be wryght by thynkyng

2d Potycary.

Then after your drynkyng how fall ye to wyng

Wedler.

Sy: after drynkyng whyle the mot is lynyng

Some hedes be swymyng but myne wyl be lynyng

And vpon drynkyng myne eyse wyl be lynyng

For wyng to drynkyng is alway lynyng.

2d Potycary.

Then drynke and slepe ye can well do

But yf ye were despyed thereto

I pray you tell me can you syng

Wedler.

Sy: I haue some syght in syngyng.

2d Potycary.

But is your best any thyng swete

Wedler.

What euer my beste be, my voyce is mete

2d Potycary.

That answere theweth you a good longynge man
Now what is your wyll good father than.

2^d Dalmey.

Q What helpeth wyll where is no skyll

2^d Dardoner.

*** And what helpeth skyll where is no wyll**

2^d Dalmey.

Q For wyll or skyll what helpeth it

Where forward knaves be lackynge wyll

Leue of this curposytie

And who that lytte synge after me

Q Here they synge

2^d Dalmey.

This lyketh me well so mote it be

Q Dardoner.

2^d So helpe me god I lyketh nat me

Where company is met and wel agreed

Good pastyme doth ryght well in dede

But who can syt in dalyvaunce

When syt in suche a variaunce

As we were set or ye came in

Whiche styfe this man doth first begynne

Allegynge that suche men as be

For loue of god nat and refuse

On for to goo from place to place

A pylgrymage callynge for grace

Shall in that payne with penitence

Obtayne discharge of conscience

Comparynge that lyfe for the beste

Enduccyon to our endles reste

Upon these wordes our mater grewe

For yf he coude auow them true

As good to be a gardener

As for to be a pardoner

But when I harde hym so farre wyde

I then approched and replied

Payenge this that this indolgent
Hauing the forlaid penitence
Dychargeth man of all offence
With muche more profyt then this pyetence
I aske but two pens at the moste
I wys this is nat very great coste
And from all payne without dyspayre
My soule for his keper euen his charye
And when he dyeth he may be sure
To come to heuen euen at pleasure
And moze then heuen he can nat get
How farre so euer he lyste to let
Then is hys payne moze then hys witt
To wake to heuen syns he may lye
Syz as we were in this contencion
In came thys dabo with hys inuencion
Renelynge vs hym selfe aduantage
That all the soules to heuen assendynge
Are most bounde to the potycary
Bycause he helpeth most men to dye
Befoze whiche deth he sayeth in dede
No soule in heuen can haue hys mede

¶ Deplier

¶ Why do potycaries kyl men.

¶ Potycary.

¶ By god men say so now and then.

¶ Deplier.

¶ And I thought ye wolde nat haue myst

To make men lyue as longe as ye lyste.

¶ Potycary.

¶ As longe as we lyste may longe as they can.

¶ Deplier.

¶ So myght we lyue without you than.

¶ Potycary.

¶ Ye but yet it is necessary

For to haue a potycary

For when ye see your concupens redy
I can sende you to heuen quykly
Wherfoze conceyninge our mater here
Aboue these thwayne I am best clere
And yf he lyst to take me so
I am content you and no mo
Shall be our iudge as in thys case
Whiche of vs thye shall take the best place
¶ Pedler.

¶ I neyther wll iudge the beste nor worste
For be ye bleste or be ye curste
Ye know it is no whyt my slepyght
To be a iudge in maters of weyght
It behoueth no pedlers nor proctours
To take on them iudgemente as doctours
But yf your myndes be onely set
To worke for soule helthe ye be well met
For eche of you somwhat doth shewe
That soules towarde heuen by you do growe
Then yf ye can so well agree
To contynue togyther all thye
And all you thye obey on wll
Then all your myndes ye may fulfyll
As yf ye came all to one man
Who shulde goo pylgrymage moze then he can
In that ye palmer as debite
May clerely dyscharde hym parde
And for all other syns ones had contrysyon
Your pardons geueth hym full remysyon
And then ye mayster potycary
May sende hym to heuen by and by.
¶ Potycary.

¶ Yf he taste this boxe nye aboute the pyne
By the masse he is in heuen or euenlonge tyme
My craft is suche that I can ryght well
Sende my fryndes to heuen and my selfe to helth

But I pray make this man for he is wyle
How coulde deuyse suche a deuyce
For yf we thye may be as one
Then be the lordes everichone
Betwene vs all coulde nat be myste
To saue the soules of whome we lyke
But for good order at a worde
I wayne of vs must wayte on the chyche
And vnto that I do agree
For bothe your wayne shall wayt on me
What chaunce is this that suche an elfe
Commaunded two naues be, belyde hym selfe
A Pardoner.

E Nay nay my frende that wyl nat be
I am to good to wayt on the.

A Palmer.

✠ By our lady and I wolde be loth
To wayt on the best on you both
A Pedler.

E Yet be ye sower for all thys done
Thys waytyng must be brought about
When can nat prosper wylfully ledde
All thyng decayed where is no hedde
Wherfore doubtlesse marke what I say
To one of you thye wayne must obey
And synnes ye can nat agree in voyce
Who shall be hed, there is no choyse
But to deuyse some maner thyng
Wherin ye all be lyke conyng
And in the same wyse can do beste
The other wayne make them presse
In euery thyng of oys entente
Holly to be at comendement
And now haue I founde one mastry
That ye can do in referency
And is nother sellynge nor byenge

But eyn only here lyenge
And all ye thye can lye as well
As can the falsest deupll in hell
And though afoze ye harde me grudge
In greater maters to be your iudge
Yet in lyeng I can some skill
And yf I shall be iudge I wyll a
And be ye sure without flattery
Where my consciens fyndeth the mastery
Ther shall my iudgement strait be founde
Though I myght wpane a thousand pounde

¶ **Palmer.**
¶ **Sy:** for lyeng though I can do it
Yet am I loth for to goe to it
¶ **Deviler.**

¶ **Ye** haue nat cause to feare to be holde
For ye may be here vnccontrolled
And ye in this haue good auantage
For lyeng is your comen vsage
And you in lyenge be well spedde
For all your craft doth stande in falshed
Ye nede nat care who shall begyn
For eche of you may hope to wyne
Now speke all thye eyn as ye fynde
Be ye agreed to folowe my mynde

¶ **Palmer.**
¶ **Ye** by my trouth I am contented
¶ **Pardoner.**

¶ **Now** in good fayth and I assente
¶ **Wolpary.**

¶ **If** I denyed I were a hood
For all is myne by goddes boode

¶ **Here** the porpary hoppe

¶ **Palmer.**
¶ **Here** were a hopper to hop for the cunge
But sy: thys gere goth nat by hopprunge

¶ Porten.

E Sp: in this hoppinge I wll hop so well
That my tonge shall hop as well as my hele
Upon whiche hoppinge I hope and nat doute it
To hope so that ye shall hope withons

20 Palmer.

✠ Sp: I wll neyther bolte ne byawll
But take suche for me as may fall
And yf ye wyne as may sty
I wll obaye you quietly
And sure I thynke that quietnesse
In any man is great rychesse
In any maner company
To rule or be ruled indifferently.

¶ Pardoner.

E By that boote thou seemest a begger in dede
What can thy quietnesse helpe vs at nede
Yf we shulde starve thou hast nat I thynke
One peny to bye us one pottle of drynke
Nay yf rychesse myghe rule the roste
Beholde what cause I have to bolte
No here be pardons halfe a doyn
For gostely ryches they haue no cosyn
And moze ouer to me they bynge
Sufficient succour for my luyng
And here be relikes of suche a kynde
As in this worlde no man can fynde
Knele downe all hys and when ye leue bysnyng
Who lyst to offe shall haue my blyssyng
Frendes here shall ye se euyn anone
Of all Hallows the blyssyd saw bone
Kys it hardely with good deuotion

20 Porten.

E Thys kysse shall bynge vs muche promocyon
Fogh, by saynt for you I neuer kys a warr
Ye were as good kysse all hallows ars

C.1.

For by all halows me. **2^d Potycary.**

That all halows breth synketh

2^d Palmer.

C Letudge all halows breth vnknoen

Yf any breth synke it is your owne.

2^d Potycary.

✠ I knowe myne owne breth from all halows

Oz els it were tyme to kille the galows.

2^d Pardoner.

C Nay syz beholde here may ye se

The great toe of the trinite

Who to thys toe any money boweth

And ones may role it in his moueth

All hys lyfe after I undertake

He shall be tyd of the toth ake.

2^d Potycary.

✠ I praye you tozue that relpke aboute

Oither the Trinite had the goute

Oz elles bycause it is. iiii. toes in one

God made it muche as thye toes alone.

2^d Potycary.

C Well lette that passe and loke vpon thys

Here is a relpke that doth nat mys

To helpe the leste aswell as the moſte

This is a buttocke bone of Pentecoste.

2^d Potycary.

✠ By chryſte and yet for all your boſte

Thys relpke hath be wyten the roſte

2^d Pardoner.

C Marke well thys relpke here is a whippet

Wher frendes vnſayned here is a ſlyppet

Of one of the ſeuē ſlepers be ſure

Whoutleſſe thys kys ſhall do you great pleaſure

For all theſe two dayes it ſhall ſo eaſe you

That none other ſauours ſhall diſpleaſe you.

2^d Potycary.

I All these two dayes, nay all thys two yeres
For all the sauours that may come here
Can be no woyle to; at a woyle
One of the seven sepers trode in a toyle.

¶ Pedler.

I Sy; me thynketh your deuotion is but smal
In pardones.

I Small may me thynketh he hath none at all.
¶ Potycary.

¶ What the deuill care I what ye thynke
Shall I prayse relikes when they synke.

¶ Pardoner.

I Here is an eye of the great Turke
Whose eyes be on this sette on thys pece of woike
May happely lese parte of his eye syght
But nat all tyll he be blynde out ryght.

¶ Potycary.

¶ What so euer any other man seeth
I haue no deuotion to Turkes teeth
For all though I neuer sawe a greter
Yet me thynketh I haue sene many better.

¶ Pardoner.

I Here is a box full of humble bees
That stonge Cue as she sat on her knees
Castynge the frute to her forbydden
Who kylleth the bees within this bydden
Shall haue as much pardon of ryght
As for any relike he kylt thys nyght.

¶ Palmer.

¶ Sy; I wyll kylle them with all my herte.

¶ Potycary.

I Kylle them agayne and take my parte
For I am nat worthy, nay lette be
Those bees that stonge Cue shall nat synge me.

¶ Pardoner.

I Good frendes I haue yet here in thys glas

Whiche on the dypnke at the weddyng was
Of Adam and Eve undoubtedly
If ye honoz this relyke deuoutly
All though ye thurst no whyt the lesse
Yet shall ye dypnke the moze doubtlesse
After whiche dypnyng ye shall be as mete
To stande on your hede as on your fete

20 Potycary.

If ye may now I can ye thanke
In presents of thys the reste be blanke
Wolde god this relyke had come rather
Kysse that relyke well good father
Suche is the payne that ye palmers take
To kysse the pardon bowle for the dypnke sake
O holy yeste that loketh full lowe and stale
For goddes body helpe me to a cuppe of ale
The moze I be holde the, the moze I thurst
The oftener I kysse the, moze lyke to burst
But spys I kysse the so deuoutely
Hyre me and helpe me with dypnke tyll I dye
What so muche prayenge and so lyteli spede

¶ Pardoner.

If ye for god knoweth whan it is nede
To sende folkes dypnke but by saynt Antony
I wene he hath sent you to muche all redy.

20 Potycary.

If I haue neuer the moze for the
Then be the relykes no ryches to me
Nor to thy selfe excepte they be
More benetyfycall then I can se
Wher is one boxe of his tynacle
Then all thy relykes that do no myrakell
If thou haddest prayed but halfe so muche to me
As I haue prayed to thy relykes and the
Nothyng concernyng myne occupacion
But strenght shoulde haue wrought in operacion

And as in balme I pray you an aye
Here lyeth muche of chesse in lytell space
I haue a bore of carb here
Whiche is as deynre as it is bere
So helpe me god and hollydam
Of this I wolde nat geue a dram
To the beste frende I haue in Englandes grounde
Though he wolde geue me .xx. pounce
For though the stonke do it abhoze
It pourget you from the coloz
And maketh you to make soze to walter
That ye shall neuer come to the halter
A Bedler.

Then is that opcyne a sonerapn thyng
To pzeferue a man from hangenge.
A Potycary.

If ye wyll take out thys crome that ye se
If euer ye be hanged neuer truste me
Here haue I dia[n]ipholicus
A speciall opntement as doctours discule
For a fistela or a canker
Thys opntement is euen shot anker
For this medecyn helpeth one and other
Or byngeth them in case that they nede no other
Here is sprapus de Byzantis
A lytell thyng is I nough of this
For euen the weyghe of one scrppull
Shall make you stronge as a cryppull
Here be other as dioscolidos
Diagalanga and strados
Blanka manna diospoliticon
Mercurij sublyme and mercuraticon
Belitoy and arsefetica
Cassy and colloquintida
These be the thynges that byke all st rpe
Berwene mannes seynes and his lyfe

From payne thele shall you beleeue
And let you euen at teste for euer
Here is a medecyn no mo lyke the same
Whiche comenly is called thus by name
Alkakabus or Alkakengy
A goodly thyng for dogges that be mange
Suche be these medycyns that I can
Helpe a dogge as well as a man
Nat one thyng here particulary
But worketh vniuersally
For it doth me as muche good when I sell it
As all the byters that taste it or smell it
Now syns my medycyns be so specyall
And in operacion so generall
And tedy to worke when so euer they shall
So that in ryches I am principall
If any rewarde may entreat ye
I besech your maytypp be good to me
And ye shall haue a boxe of marmelade
So fyne that ye may dpg it with a spade.

20 Bedler.

C Sy; I thanke you but your rewarde
Is nat the thyng that I regarde
I muste and wyll be indifferent
Wherfore procede in your intente.

20 Potycary.

C Nowe yf I wylt thys wylh no synne
I wolde to god I myght begynne.

20 Pardoner.

C I am content that thou lye fyrste

20 Palmer.

✠ Euen so am I and say thy worst
Now let vs here of all thy lyes
The greatest lye thou mayst deuyse
And in the fewest wordes thou can

20 Potycary.

The ffirste of an honest man.

2^d Palmer.

✱ There sayde ye muche but yet no lye.

✠ Pardonet.

2^d Now lye ye bothe by our lady
Thou lyest in booke of hys honestie
And he hath lyed in assymynge the

✠ Potycary.

T If we both lye and ye say true
Then of these lyes your parte adew
And yf ye wyl make none awaunc
For ye are sure of one yll seruante
Ye may perceyue by the wordes he gan
He taketh your makyng but for a knave
But who tolde true or lyed in dede
That wyl I knowe or we procede
Wher after that I fyrste began
To prayse you for an honest man
When ye assymied it for no lye
Now by our fayth speke even truly
Thought ye your assymacion true.

2^d Palmer.

✱ Ye mary I for I wolde ye knewe
I thynke my selfe an honest man.

✠ Potycary.

T What thought ye in the contrary than.

2^d Pardonet.

✱ In that I sayde the contrary
I thynke from crouth I dyd nat vary.

✠ Potycary.

T And what of my wordes.

2^d Pardonet.

T I thought ye lyed.

✠ Potycary.

T And so thought I by god that dyed
Nowe haue you swayne eche for hym selfe layde

That none hath lyed out our both treachery
And of vs twayne none hath denyed
But both assyured that I haue lyed
Now syns both your trowth confes
And that we both my lye so witness
That twayne of vs thre in one agree
And that the lyer the wyinner must be
Who coulde proude suche euens
As I haue done in this pretens
He thinketh this mater sufficient
To cause you to gyue iudgement
And to gyue me the masterye
For ye perceyue these knaues can nat lye

20 **Palmer.**

Though nother of vs as yet had lyed
Yet what we can do is buttred
For yet we haue deuyled nothyng
But answered you and geuen bypnyng

21 Pedler.

Therfore I haue deuyled one waye
Wherby all thre your wyndes may save
For eche of you one tale shall tell
And whiche of you telleth most meruell
And most bulyke to be true
Shall most preuaile what euer enslew.

22 **Dorpcat.**

If ye be set in merbalyng
Then shall ye here a meruaylouse thyng
And though in dede all be nat true
Yet suer the most parte shall be new
I dyd a cure no lenger ago
But Anno domini millesimo
On a woman ponge and so saye
That neuer haue I sene a gaye
God saue all women from that lyknes
This wanton had the fallen lyknes

Whiche by diffent came synpally
For her mother had it naturally
Wherfoze this woman to recure
It was moze harde ye may be sure
But though I bofte my crafte is fuche
That in fuche thynges I can do muche
How ofte the fell were muche to repoyte
But her hed so gydd and her helps so woite
That with the rwynglyng of an eye
Downe wolde the falle capn by and by
But o she wolde aryse agayne
I shewed muche p[ra]ctyle muche to my payne
For the tallest man withyn this towne
Shulde nat with ease hane broken her sowne
All though for ylse I dyd nat doute her
Yet dyd I take moze payne about her
Then I wolde take with my owne syfter
Sp[ec] at the last I gaue her a glyfter
I thrust a thamppon in her rebell
And bad her kepe it for a rebell
But I knewe it so heuy to carpe
That I was sure it wolde nat tarp
For where gonpouder is ones fyerd
The tampion wyl no lenger be hyerd
Whiche was well sene in tyme of thys chaunce
For when I had charged this ordynaunce
Sodeynly as it had thondered
Euen at a clap losed her bumberd
Now marke for here begynneth the reuell
This tampion flew .x. longe myle leuell
To a fayre castell of lyme and stone
For strength I knowe nat fuche a one
Whiche stode vpon an hyll full hye
At fote wh[er]of a tyuet ranne bye
So depe tyll chaunce had it forbyden
Well myght the regent there hane tyden

But when this tampon on thys caulen yggol
It put the castels so farre to flight
That downe they came eche vpon other
No stone lefte standynge by goddes mother
But rolled downe so faste the hyl
In suche a number and so dyd fyll
From botom to byrme from thore to thore
Thys forsayd ryuer so depe before
That who lyste now to walke thereto
May wade it ouer and wet no shoo
So was thys castell layd wyde open
That every man myght se the token
But in a good houre maye these wordes be spoken
After the tampon on the walles was wroken
And pece by pece in peces broken
And she deliuered with suche violens
Of all her inconueniens
I left her in good helth and luste
And so she doth contynew I truste.

22 Pedler.

I Syr in your cure I can nothyng tell
But to our purpose ye haue sayd well.

Pardoner.

I Well sy; then marke what I can say
I haue ben a pardoner many a day
And done greater cures gostely
Then euer he dyd bodely
Namely thys one whiche ye shall here
Of one departed within thys seuen yere
A frende of myne and lykewyle I
To her agayne was as frendly
Who fell so lykely so sodenly
That dede she was even by and by
And neuer spake with preste nor clerke
Nor had no whyt of thys holy warke
For I was thens it coude nat be

Yet harde I say she asked for me
But when I bethought me howe thys chaunced
And that I haue to heuen auaunced
So many soules to me but straungers
And coude nat kepe my frende from daungers
But she to dy so dangerously
For her soule helth especyally
That was the thyng that greued me soo
That nothyng couloe release my woo
Tyll I had tryed euery out of hande
In what estate her soule dyd stande
For whiche tryall Moyses tale to make
I toke thys tourney for her sake
Geue eare for here begynneth the story
From hens I went to purgatory
And toke with me thys gere in my fyste
Wherby I may do there what I lyfte
I knocked and was let in quychly
But lord how lowe the soules made curtesy
And I to euery soule agayne
Dyd gyue a beck them to retayne
And axed them thys question than
Yf that the soule of suche a woman
Dyd late amonge them there appere
Wherto they sayd she came nat here
Then ferd I muche it was nat well
Alas I thought I she is in hell
For with her lyfe I was so acquaynted
That sure I thought she was nat saynted
With thys it chanced me to see
Christ helpe quoth a soule that ley for his fees
Those wordes quoth I thou shalt nat lees
Then with these pardons of all degrees
I payed hys tole and set hym so quychly
That strait to heuen he toke his flyght
And I from thens to hell that nyght

To help this woman þat I myght
Nat as who sayth by outhoite
But by the waie of entreate
And tyt the deuyl that kept the gate
I came and spake after this rate
All hayle sy deuyl and made lowe curtesy
Welcome quoth he thys smillyngly
He knew me well and I at laste
Remembred hym syns longe tyme paste
For as good hadde wolde haue it chaunce
Thys deuyl and I were of olde acquyntaunce
For oft in the play of corpus Cristi
He hath played the deuyl at Couentry
By his acquyntaunce and my behaoure
He shewed to me ryght frendly fauoure
And to make my returne the wyter
I sayd to this deuyl good mayster portier
For all olde loue yf it lye in your power
Helpe me to speke with my lord and your
Be sure quoth he no tongue can tell
What tyme thou couldest haue come so well
For thys daye Iucifer fell
Whiche is our festynall in hell
Nothyng but reasonable craned thys day
That shall in hell haue any nay
But yet be ware thou come nat in
Tyll tyme thou may thy pasporte wyne
Wherfore stande still and I wyll wyne
Yf I can get thy saue condyt
He carped nat but shortly gat it
Under scale and the deuyls hande at it
In ample wyse as ye shall here
Thus it began Iucifere
By the power of god chiefe deuyl of hell
To all the deuyls that there do dwell
And euery of them we sende gretynge

Under freyght charge and commaundynge
That they abyde and assyent be
To suche a parooner and maned me
So that he may at lyberte
Passe saue without hys leoparde
Tyll that he be from vs extyncte
And clerely out of helles p'ecincte
And hys pardons to kepe sauegarde
We wyll they lye in the porters warde
Geuyn in the foznes of our palys
In our hye court of maters of malys
Suche a day and yere of our reyne
God saue the deuyll quoth I for playne
I truste thys wyteynge to be sure
Then put thy truste quoth he in euer
Syns thou art sure to take no harme
Thys deuyll and I walke arme in arme
So farre tyll he had brought me thither
Where all the deuyls of hell togyther
Stode in a ray in suche apparell
As for that day there metely fell
They; hounes well gyllt they; clothes full cleane
They; saylles well kempt and as I wene
With soother butter they; bodys anoynted
I neuer sawe deuyls so well appoynted
The mayster deuyl sat in his racket
And all the soules were playnge, at racket
None other rackettes they hadde in hande
Saue every soule a good fyre brande
Wherwith they played so pretely
That Lucifer laughed metely
And all the reledew of the frendes
Dyd laugh full well togyther lyke frendes
But of my frende I sawe no whyte
No; durst nat see for her as yet
None all this rout was brought in silens

And I by an vther brought in p[re]sens
Then to Lucif[er] low as I coude
I knel[ed] whiche he so well alowde
That thus he becke and by saynt Antony
He smyled on me well fauoredly
Bendynge hys browes as brode as barne durt[er]
Shakynge hys eares as ruged as buttes
Rolynge hys yes as rounde as two bushels
Flashtynge the fyre out of his nose thys
Gnashynge hys teeth so baynglorously
That me thought tyme to fall to flater[er]
Wherwith I tolde as I shall tell
O pleasant p[er]t[ur]e O p[ri]nce of hell
Feured in fashyon abominable
And syns that is inestimable
For me to prays[e] the worthylly
I leue of prays vnworthly
To geue the prays besechynge the
To heare my scwe and then to be
So good to graunt the thyng I craue
And to be shorte thys wolde I haue
The soule of one whiche hyther is spitted
Delivered hens and to me remitted
And in thys doyng I though al be nat quyte
Yet some parte I shall deserue it
As thus I am a pardon[er]
And ouer soules as a controll[er]
Thorough out the et[er]nall my power doth stande
Wher many a soule lyeth on my hande
That spede in maters as I vse them
As I receyue them or refuse them
Wherby what tyme thy pleasure is
I shall requyre any part of thys
The leste deuyl here that can come thither
Shall chose a soule and byng hym hyther
Nowe quoth the deuyl we are well pleased

What is thy name thou woldest haue called
Ray quoth I be it good or euill
My compynge is for a the deuill
What calste her quoth he thou hoysen
Forso', quoth I Margery coxson
Now by our honour sayd Lucifer
No deuill in hell shall withholde her
And yf thou woldest haue twenty mo
were nat for iustyce they shulde goo
For all we deuils within this den
Haue more to do with two women
Then with all the charge we haue besyde
Wherfoze yf thou our frende wyl be tryed
Apply thy pardons to women so
That vnto vs there come no mo
To do my beite I promysed by othe
Whiche I haue kepte for as the sayth goth
At this dayes to heuen I do procure
Ten women to one man be sure
Then of Lucifer my leue I toke
And streyght vnto the mayster coke
I was hadde into the kechyn
For Margarys offyce was ther in
All chynge handled there discretely
For every soule bereth offyce metely
Whiche myght be sene to se her spt
So by self turnynge of the spyt
For many a spyt here hath she turned
And many a good spyt hath she burned
And many a spyt full both hath costed
Before the meat coulde be halfe costed
And or the meate were halfe costed in dede
I toke her then fro the spyt for spede
But when she sawe this brought to pass
To tell the toy wherein she was
And of all the deuils for toy how they

Dyd roze at her helpuere
And how the cheynes in hell dyd ryng
And how all the soules therein dyd syng
And how we were brought to the gate
And how we toke our leue therat
Be suer lacke of tyme sufferyth nat
To reherse the .xx. parte of that
Wherfore thys tale to conclude byeuelp
Thys woman thanked me thys self
That she was tyd of thys endles deth
And so we departed on new market heth
And yf that any man do mynde her
Who lyst to seeke her there shall he fynde her

22 Bedler.

C. Sy: ye haue sought her wonders well
And where ye founde her as ye tell
To here the chaunce ye founde in hell
I fynde ye were in great perell.

Palmer.

* His tale is all muche patellous
But parte is muche moze meruaylous
As where he sayde the deuyls complayne
That women put them to suche payne
By theyr condicions so croked and crabbed
Frowardly fashonde so waywarde and wyabbed
So farre in deuylion and stryngge suche stryfe
That all the deuyls be wery of theyr lyfe
This in effect he tolde for trueth
Wherby muche muruell to me ensueth
That women in hell suche wyues can be
And here so gentyll as farre as I se
Yet haue I sene many a myle
And many a woman in the whyle
Nat one good rype, towne, nor borough
In trustendom but I haue ben through
And this I wolde ye shulde vnderstande

I haue sene women, v. hundred thousand
And oft with them haue longe tyme maried
Yet in all places where I haue ben
Of all the women that I haue sene
I neuer sawe no; knewe in my consens
Any one woman out of paciens.

2^d Dotycary.

¶ By the masse there is a greater
¶ Pardoner.

* I neuer harde a greater by our lady

2^d Bedlet.

¶ A greater nay knowe ye any so great.

¶ Palmer.

Sp; whether that I lose o; get
For my parte iudgement shall be prayed.

¶ Pardoner.

2^d And I desyer as he hath sayd

2^d Dotycary.

¶ Proceede and ye shall be obeyed.

2^d Bedlet.

¶ Then shall nat iudgement be delayd
Of all these thye pfeche mannes tale
In Poules churche yerde were set on sale
In some mannes hande that hath the slepyghte
He shulde sure sell these tales by weyghte
For as they wey so be they worth
But whiche weyth beste to that now forth
Sp; all the tale that ye dyd tell
I bere in mynde and yours as well
And as ye sawe the mater merely
So lyed ye bothe well and discretely
Yet were your lyes with the lest trusse me
For yf ye had sayd ye had made sle
Ten ramppons out of ten womens taphes
Ten tymes ten myle to ten castels o; taphes
And tyll ten ryets ten tymes so depe

As ten of that which your father hath bought

O: yf ye ten tymes had bodely
Fet ten soules out of purgatory
And ten tymes so many out of hell
Yet by these ten honnes I coude ryght well
Ten tymes sonner all that haue beleued
Then the tenth parte of that he hath meued.

20 Portcary.

Two knaues before: i. lacketh. ii. knaues of syue
Then one and then one and bothe knaues a lyue
Then two and then two and thye at a cast
Thou knaue and thou knaue and thou knaue at laste
Say knaue yf ye tyme by nombere
I wyl as knauyshly you accombre
Your mynde is all on your pryue tyme
For all in ten me thynketh your wit lyne
Now ten tymes I beseeche hym that hye syttes
Thy wyfes. x. comaundementes may serch thy. v. wyttes
Then ten of my rydes in ten of thy teth
And ten of thy nose whiche every man seth
And twenty tymes ten this wyse I wolde
That thou haddest ben hanged at ten yere olde
For thou goest about to make me a slaue
I wyl thou knowe yf I am a gentylman knaue
And here is an other shall take my parte.

21 Bardoner.

* Say fyrste I be shew your knaues herte
O: I take parte in your knauery
I wyl speke fayre by one lady
O: I beseeche your mayhpy to be
As good as ye can be to me.

22 Bedler.

I wolde be glade to do you good
And hym alio be he neuer so wood
But dout you nat I wyl now do
The thyng my consciens ledech me to

Both your tales I take farre impossible
Yet take I his farther incredible
That only the thyng it selfe alloweth is
But also the boldenes therof alloweth is
I knowe nat where your tale to trye
Nor yours but in hell or purgatorie
But thys boldenes hath faced a lye
That may be tryed euen in thys companye
As yf ye lyte to take thys order
Amonge the women in thys bozder
Take thye of the pongest and thye of the oldest
Thye of the hottest and thye of the coldest
Thye of the wylest and thye of the shyewdest
Thye of the lowest and thye of the hpest
Thye of the farthest and thye of the nyest
Thye of the fayrest and thye of the maddest
Thye of the fowlest and thye of the saddest
And when all these threes be had a sonder
Of eche thye two iustly by nomber
Shall be founde shyewes excepte thys fall
That ye hap to fynde them shyewes all
Hym selfe for trouthe all this doth knowe
And oft hath tryed some of thys cove
And yet he sweareth by his consciens
He neuer saw woman bryke paciens
Wherfoze consydered with true entente
Hys lye to be so euident
And to appere so euidently
That both you aspyred it a lye
And that my consciens so depely
So depe hath soughte thys thyng to trye
And tryed it with mynde indifferente
Thus I awarde by way of iudgement
Of all the lyes ye all haue spent
Hys lye to be most excellent.

By: though ye were bounde of equyte
To do as ye haue done to me
Yet do I thanke you of your payne
And wyl requyte some parte agayne.

¶ Pardoner.

¶ Mary sy: ye can no les do
But thanke hym as muche as it cometh to
And so wyl I do for my parte
Now a vengeance on thy knaues harte
I neuer knewe pedler a iudge before
Nor neuer wyl truste pedlunge knaue more
What doest thou there thou ho;son noop.

¶ Potycary.

¶ By the masse lerne to make curtesy
Curtesy before a nd curtesy behynde hym
And then on eche syde the deuyl blynde hym
Nay when I haue it perfytyl
Ye shall haue the deuyl and all of curtesy
But it is nat sone letned by othir
One knaue to make curtesy to another
Yet when I am angry that is the worst
I shall call my mayster knaue at the worst.

20 ¶ Palmer.

¶ Then wolde some mayster perhappes clowt ye
But as for me ye nede nat doute ye
For I had leuer be without ye
Then haue such besynesse aboute ye.

¶ Pardoner.

¶ So helpe me god so were ye bettes
What shulde a begger be a tetter
It were no whyt your honestie
To haue vs rwayne let after ye.

20 ¶ Potycary.

20 By: be ye sure he telleth you true
If we shulde wayte thys wolde enleu
at wolde he sayd truste me at a word

Two knaves made curtesy to the thyrdo
¶ Pedler.

¶ Now by my trowth to speke my mynde
Sþus they be so loth to be assyned
To let them lose I thynke it beste
And so shall ye lyue beste in cest
20 Palmer.

¶ Sþ; I am nat on them lo fonde
To compell them to kepe theyr boude
And lþus ye lyte nat to wapte on me
I cletely of wapyngge dyscharge ye.
¶ Pardoner.

¶ Mary sþ; I heretely thanke you.

20 Botycary.

¶ And I lþke wyse I make god anowe
¶ Pedler.

¶ Now be ye all eyn as ye begoon
No man hath losse noz no man hath woon
Yer in the debate wherwith ye began
By waye of aduysse I wyl speke as I can
I do perceyue that pylgrymage
Is chýese the thyngge ye haue in blage
Wherto in effecte for loue of Chýst
Ye haue o; shulþe haue bene entýst
And who so doth with suche entent
Doth well declare hys tyme well spent
And so do ye in your pýerence
If ye procure thus indulgence
Unto your neyghbours charitably
For loue of them in god onely
All thys may be ryght well applyed
To the well you both well occupied
For though ye walke nat bothe one waye
Yer walkyngge thus thys date I saye
That bothe your walkes come to one ende
And so for all that do pýerende

By hyde of goddes grace to ensewe
Any maner kynde of vertue
As some great almyse for to geue
Some in wyllfull poetrie to lyeue
Some to make hye wayes and suche other workes
And some to mayntayne prestes and clarkes
To synge and praye for soule depatted
These with all other vertues well marked
All though they be of sondry kyndes
Yet be they nat vsed with sondry myndes
But as god only doth all those moue
So euery man onely for his loue
With loue and dyed obediently
Worketh in these vertues vnfaynely
Thus euery vertue yf we lyke to scan
Is pleasaunt to god and thankfull to man
And who that by grace of the holy goste
To any one vertue is moued mooste
That man by that grace shal one apply
And therin serue god most plentyfully
Yet nat that one so farre wyde co wyeste
So lpyng the same to myslike the reste
For who so wyesteth hys worke is in vayne
And euen in that case I perceyue your wayne
Lpyng your vertue in suche wyse
That eche others vertue you do dyspyse
Who walketh thys way for god wolde synde hym
The farther they like hym the farther behynde hym
One kynde of vertue to dyspyse another
Is lyke as the syster myght hange the brother.

22. Doynter.

For fere lest suche parcels to me myght fall
I thanke god I vse no vertue at all

23. Bedler.

For that is of all the very worst waye
For more harde it is as I haue harde saye

To begynne vertue where none is p[er]fected
Then where it is begonne the abyle to be mended
How be it ye be nat all to begynne
One syne of vertue ye are entred in
As thys I suppose ye shal save true
In that ye sayd ye vse no vertue
In the whiche wordes I dare well repute
Ye are well be loued of all thys soue
By your saylinge here openly
At pardons and reliques so leudly.

20 Porpcary.

I In that I thinke my faulte nat gress
For all that ye haue I knowe conuertete.

¶ Deuler.

¶ For his and all other that ye knowe sayned
Ye be nother councted nor constreyned
To any suche thyng in any suche case
To gyue any reuerence in any suche place
But where ye doubt the truthe nat knowynge
Beleuyng the beste good may be growynge
In iudgyng the beste no harme at the leste
In iudgyng the worst no good at the beste
But beste in thes thynges it seemeth to me
To make no iudgement vpon ye
But as the churche doth iudge or take them
So do ye receyue or forlake them
And so be lute ye can nat erre
But may be a frutfull folower.

20 Porpcary.

I Go ye before and as I am true man
I wyl folow as fast as I can.

¶ Pardoner.

¶ And so wyl I for be hard sayd so well
For wolde we shulde folowe hys counsell.

20 Palmer.

I Then to our reason god gyue vs his grace

That we may folowe with fapth to fecurely
 His commaundementes, that we maye purchace
 Hys loue, and fo consequently
 To ppleue hys chutche fafte and fapthfully
 So that we may accorde to his promys
 We kepte out of errour in any wyse
 And all that hath fcapet vs here by negligence
 We clerely reuoke and forlake it
 To paffe the tyme in thys without offence
 Was the caufe why the maker dyd make it
 And fo we humbly befeche you take it
 Belechyng our lorde to prosper you all
 In the fapth of hys chutche vniuersall
 Finis .

Printed at London in Fleetstreet at the
 fygne of the George by Wyllyam
 Wyddelton .



